



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XV. [VI. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1838.

NO. 2.

SELECT TALES.

From the German.

New-Year's Night.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER VI.

'It is high time I were watchman again,' thought Philip. He was interrupted by a mask.

'Who are you?' inquired Philip.

'Count Bodenlos, the Minister of Finance, at your Highness's service,' answered the Minister, and lifted his mask.

'Well then, my lord, what are your commands?'

'May I speak openly? I waited on your Royal Highness thrice, and was never admitted to the honor of an audience; and yet, Heaven is my witness, no man in all this court has a deeper interest in your Royal Highness than I have.'

'I am greatly obliged to you,' replied Philip: 'but what is your business just now? Be as short as you can.'

'May I venture to speak of the house of Abraham Levi?'

'As much as you like.'

They have applied to me about the fifty thousand dollars they advanced to your Royal Highness, and threaten to apply to the King. And you remember your promise to his Majesty when last he paid your debts.'

'Can't the people wait?' asked Philip.

'No more than the Brothers, goldsmiths, who demand their seventy-five thousand dollars.'

'It is all one to me. If the people won't wait for their money, I must'—

'No hasty resolutions, I beg. I have it in my power to make every thing comfortable, if'—

'Well, if what?'

'If you will honor me by listening to me one moment. I hope to have no difficulty in covering all your debts. The house of Abraham Levi has bought up immense quantities of corn, so that the price is very much raised. A decree against importation will raise it three or four times higher. By giving Abra-

ham Levi the monopoly, the business will be arranged. The house erases your debt, and pays off your seventy-five thousand dollars to the goldsmiths, and I give you over the receipts. But every thing depends on my continuing for another year at the head of the finance. If Baron Griefensack succeeds in ejecting me from the Ministry, I am incapacitated from serving your Royal Highness as I could wish. If your Highness will leave the party of Griefensack, our point is gained.'

'I wish to Heaven you and your ministry and Abraham Levi were all three at the devil! I tell you what, unless you lower the price of corn—take away the monopoly from that infernal Jew, and add no new burdens to the people, I'll go this moment and reveal your villainy to the King, and get you and Abraham Levi banished from the country. So, see to it—I'll keep my word!' Philip turned away in a rage, and proceeded into the dancing-room, leaving the Minister of Finance motionless as a mummy and petrified with amazement.

CHAPTER VII.

'When does your Royal Highness require the carriage?' These words were addressed to Philip as he threaded his way through the crowd, by a punchy little figure dressed as a Dutchman.

'Not at all,' answered Philip.

'Tis half-past eleven, and the beautiful singer expects you. She will tire of waiting.'

'Let her sing something to cheer her.'

'How, Prince? Have you changed your mind? Would you leave the captivating Rollina in the lurch, and throw away the golden opportunity you have been sighing for for months? The letter you sent to-day, enclosing the diamond bauble, did its work marvellously. She surrenders at such a summons. Then why are you now so cold? What is the cause of the change?'

'That is my business, not yours,' said Philip.

'I have discovered a girl—oh, Prince, there is not such another in the world. She is totally unknown—beautiful as an angel—

eyes like stars—hair like sunbeams—in short, the sweetest creature I ever beheld. The mother is the widow of a poor weaver—a simple, honest woman, who'—

'And the mother's name is?'

'Widow Bittsier, in Milk Street, and the daughter, fairest of flowers, is called Rose.'

At sound of the one-loved name Philip started back. His first inclination was to knock the communicative Dutchman down.

'If I find you within half a mile of Milk Street, I'll dash your miserable brains out before you can shout for mercy.'

The Dutchman stood writhing with pain.

'May it please your Highness, I could not imagine you really loved the girl as it seems you do.'

'I love her! I will own it before the whole world!'

'And are loved in return?'

'That's none of your business. Never mention her name to me again. Leave her undisturbed. Now you know what I think. Be off!'

CHAPTER VIII.

In the mean time Philip's substitute supported his character of watchman on the snow-covered streets. For the first quarter of an hour he attended to the directions left by Philip, and went his rounds, and called the hour with great decorum, except that instead of the usual watchman's verses he favored the public with rhymes of his own. He was cogitating a new stanza with which to illuminate the people, when the door of a house beside him opened, and a well wrapped-up girl beckoned to him, and sank into the shadow of the house.

'How d'ye do, dear Philip? speak low that nobody may hear us. I have only got away from the company for one moment, to speak to you as you passed. Are you happy to see me?'

'Blest as the immortal gods, my angel;—who could be otherwise than happy by the side of such a goddess?'

'Ah! I've some good news for you, Philip. You must dine at our house to-morrow.

My mother has allowed me to ask you. You'll come?"

"For the whole day and as much longer as you wish. Would we might be together till the end of the world! 'Twould be a life fit for gods!"

"Listen, Philip: in half an hour I shall be at St. Gregory's. I shall expect you there. You won't fail me? Don't keep me waiting long—we shall have a walk together. Go now—we may be discovered." She tried to go, but Julian held her back, and threw his arms round her.

"What, will you leave me so coldly?" he said and tried to press a kiss upon her lips.

Rose did not know what to think of this boldness, for Philip had never ventured such a liberty before. She struggled to free herself, but Julian held her firm, till at last she had to buy her liberty by submitting to the kiss, and begged him to go. But Julian seemed not at all inclined to move.

"What! go?—and such a creature here beside me? I'm not such an idiot—no—no."

"But then it isn't right, Philip."

"Not right? why not my beauty? there's nothing against kissing in the ten commandments."

"You must have been drinking, Philip. You know very well we can't marry, and"—

"Not marry? why not? I'll marry you to-morrow, to-night—this very hour!—not marry indeed!"

"Philip! Philip!—why will you talk such folly? Ah, Philip, I had a dream last night."

"A dream—what was it?"

"You had won a prize in the lottery; we were both so happy! you had bought a beautiful garden all filled with flowers and such famous cabbages and cauliflowers—such a fortune it would have been! And when I awoke, Philip I felt so wretched—I wished I had not dreamed such a happy dream. You've nothing in the lottery, Philip; have you? Have you really won any thing? The drawing took place to-day."

"How much must I have gained to win you too?"

"Ah, Philip, if you had only gained a thousand dollars, you might buy such a pretty garden!"

"A thousand dollars? And what if it were more?"

"Ah, Philip—what? is it true? is it really? Don't deceive me! 'twill be worse than the dream. You had a ticket! and you've won! tell me, tell me!"

"All you can wish for."

Rose flung her arms around his neck in the extremity of her joy, and resisted no longer when he printed the second kiss upon her cheek.

"All that I wished for? the thousand dollars? and will they pay you the whole sum at

once? Answer me, answer me!" she added, for the Prince was so astonished at the turn affairs had taken, that he scarcely knew what to say.

"Will they pay the thousand dollars all in gold, Philip?"

"They've done it already—and if it will add to your happiness, I will hand it to you this moment."

"What! have you got it with you?"

The Prince took out his purse, which he had filled with money in expectation of some play.

"Take it and weigh it, my girl," he said, placing it in her hand and kissing her again.

"This, then, makes you mine!"

"Oh not *this*—nor all the gold in the world, if you were not my own, my dear, dear Philip!"

"And how if I had given you all this money, and yet were not your own, your dear, dear Philip?"

"I would fling the purse at your feet, and make you a curtsy as I rushed away from you," said Rose, overjoyed, and little suspecting that Philip was out of hearing.

A door now opened, the light streamed out, and the voices of the party within were heard. Rose slipped noiselessly away, whispering.

"In half an hour, dear Philip, at St. Gregory's." She tript up the steps, leaving the Prince in the darkness. Disconcerted by the suddenness of the parting, and his curiosity excited by his ignorance of the name of his new acquaintance, and not even having had a full view of her face, he consoled himself with the rendezvous at St. Gregory's church door. This he resolved to keep, though it was evident that all the tenderness which had been bestowed on him was intended for his friend the watchman.

CHAPTER IX.

The interview with Rose, or the coldness of the night, increased the effect of the wine to such an extent, that the hilarity of the young Prince broke out in a way very unbecoming the solemnity of the office he had assumed. Standing amidst a crowd of people, in the middle of the street, he blew so lustily on his horn that the neighboring windows were soon crowded with terrified women, who expected no less than that the city had been taken by assault. He then shouted at the full pitch of his lungs—

"The trade in our beloved city,
Is at a stand still, more's the pity,
Our very girls, both dark and pale,
Can now no longer find a sale;
They furbish up their charms with care,
But no one buys the brittle ware!"

"Shame! shame!" cried several female voices at the end of this complimentary effusion, which, however, was rewarded with a loud laugh from the men. "Bravo watchman

cried some; 'encore! encore!' shouted others. 'How dare you, you insolent fellow, to insult the ladies in the open street?' growled a young lieutenant, angrily—with a young lady on his arm.

"Mr. Lieutenant," answered a jolly miller, 'the watchmen sings nothing but the truth—and the lady at your side is a proof of it. Ha! young minx, do you know me? do you know who I am? Is it right for a betrothed bride to be wandering o' nights about the streets with other men? To-morrow your mother shall hear of this. I'll have nothing more to do with you—and that's plump!"

The girl hid her face and nudged the young officer to lead her away. But the lieutenant like a brave soldier scorned to retreat from the miller and determined to keep the field. With many mutual extracts from the polite vocabulary, the quarrel grew hotter and hotter. At last, however two stout townsmen lifted their huge cudgels above the head of the wrathful son of Mars, while one of them cried—"Don't make any more fuss about the piece of goods beside you—she ain't worth it. The miller's a good fellow; and the watchman's song was as true as gospel. A plain tradesman can hardly venture to marry now; the women's heads are all turned by the soldiers. There is no chance for any of us when a red-coat comes in the way; down with the lazy varnints." But the officer was soon joined by some of his companions, and there seemed manifest symptoms of a row. The boys by the way of a prelude to the engagement, amused themselves by firing volleys of snow balls on both the contending parties. One of these missiles hit the irritable lieutenant with the force of a twelve pounder on the nose, and he considering this the commencement of active operations, lost no time in bestowing a token of affection, in the shape of his doubled fist, on the right eye of the miller; and in a few moments the battle became general.

The Prince, who had laughed amazingly at the first commencement of the uproar, had taken himself to another region before it actually came to blows. In the course of his wanderings, he came to the palace of Count Bodenlos the Minister of Finance, with whom as Philip had discovered at the masquerade, the Prince was not on the best of terms. The countess had a party. Julian, whose poetical fervor was still in force, planted himself opposite the windows and blew a peal on his horn. Several ladies and gentlemen, astonished at the noise, opened the windows and listened to what he should say.

"Watchman," cried one of them, 'troll out your Christmas verses, and a dollar is your reward.'

This invitation brought a fresh accession of the countess's party to the windows. Ju-

lian called the hour in the true watchmen's voice, and sang, loud and clear enough to be distinctly heard inside—

'Ye who are sunk in poor estate,
And fear the needy bankrupt's fate,
Pray to your patron saint, St. Francis,
To make you chief of the finances;
Then may you make your country groan,
And rob its purse to fill your own!'

'Intolerable!' screamed the lady of the Minister, 'who is the insolent varlet that dares such an insult?'

'May it please your excellency,' answered Julian, imitating a Jew in voice and manner, 'I wash only intendsh to shing you a pretty shong. I am de Shew Abraham Levi, well known at dish court. Your ladyship knowsh me ver' well.'

'How dare you tell such a lie you villain?' exclaimed a voice trembling with rage at one of the windows—'how dare you say you are Abraham Levi? I am Abraham Levi! You are a cheat!'

'Call the police!' cried the Countess. 'Let the ruffian be arrested!'

At these words the party confusedly withdrew from the windows. Nor did Julian remain where he was: he slipped quietly off, and effected his escape through a cross street down which he was unpursued. A crowd of servants rushed out of the Finance Minister's palace, and laid hold of the real guardian of the night who was carefully perambulating his beat unconscious of any offence he had committed. In spite of all he could say he was carried off to the head police office, and charged with causing a disturbance by singing libelous songs. The officer of the police shook his head at the unaccountable event, and said—'We have already one watchman in custody, whose abominable verses caused a very serious affray between the town's people and the garrison. The devil fly away with all poets.'

The prisoner would confess to nothing, but swore prodigiously at the rascality of a set of footmen, headed by a butler and two fat cooks, that disturbed him in his peaceful perambulations, and accused him of singing insults against noble ladies whose names he had never heard. While the examination was going on, and one of the secretaries of the Finance Minister began to be doubtful whether the poor watchman was really in fault or not, an uproar outside, and loud cries of 'Watch! Watch!'

The policemen rushed out, in a few minutes the Field Marshal entered the office, accompanied by some aides-de-camp and the captain of the guards on duty. 'Bring in the scoundrel!' said the Marshal, pointing to the door—and two soldiers brought in a watchman, whom they held close prisoner, and whom they had disarmed of his staff and horn.

'Are the watchmen all gone mad to-night?' exclaimed the chief of police.

'I'll have the rascal punished for his infamous verses,' said the Marshal, storming with anger.

'Your excellency,' exclaimed the watchman, terrified at the passion of the great man, 'Heaven is my witness, I never made a verse in my born days.'

'Silence, villain,' roared the Marshal. 'I'll have you hanged for them! And if you contradict me again, I'll cut you to pieces on the spot.'

The police officer respectfully observed to the Field Marshal, that there must be some poetical epidemic among the watchman, for three had been brought before him within the last quarter of an hour, accused of the same offence.

'Gentlemen,' said the Marshal to the officers who had accompanied him, 'since this scoundrel refuses to confess, it will be necessary to take down, from your remembrance, the words of his atrocious libel. Let them be written down while you still recollect them. Come, who can say them?'

The officer of police wrote to the dictation of the gentlemen, who remembered the whole verses between them:

'O'er empty head a feather swailing,
Adown the back a long cue trailing;
Slim waist and padded breast to charm ye,
These are the merits of the army!
Cards, fiddling, flirting, and so on,
By these the marshal's staff is won.'

'Do you deny, you rascal,' cried the Field Marshal to the terrified watchman—'Do you deny that you sang these infamous lines as I was coming out of my house?'

'I assure your worship's honor, I know nothing at all about the lines.'

'Why did you run away, then, when you saw me?'

'I did not run away.'

'What?' said the two officers who had accompanied the Marshal—'not run away? were you not out of breath when at last we laid hold of you?'

'Yes, but it was with fright at being so ferociously attacked. I am trembling yet in every limb.'

'Lock the obstinate villain up till morning,' said the Marshal—he will come to his senses by that time! With these words, the wrathful dignity went away. These incidents had set the whole police force of the city on the watch. In the next ten minutes two more astonished watchmen were brought to the office on similar charges with the others. One was accused of singing a libel under the window of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to which he was more foreign than those of his own department. The other had sung some verses before the door of the Papal Legate, informing him that the 'lights of the

church,' were by no means deficient in tallow but gave a great deal more smoke than illumination. The Prince, who had wrought the poor watchmen all this wo, was always lucky enough to escape, and grew bolder and bolder at every new attempt. The affair was talked of every where. The Minister of Police, who was at cards with the King, was informed of the insurrection among the watchmen, and as a proof of it, some of the verses were given to him in writing. His Majesty laughed very heartily at the doggerel, and ordered the next poetical watchman who should be taken to be brought before him. He broke up the card-table, for he saw that the Minister of Police had lost his good-humor.

CHAPTER X.

In the dancing-hall, next to the card-room, Philip looked at his watch, and discovered that the time of his rendezvous with Rose at St. Gregory's was nearly come. He was by no means sorry at the thoughts of giving back his silk mantle and plumed bonnet to his substitute, for he began to find high life not quite to his taste. As he was going to the door, the Negro once more came up to him, and whispered, 'Please your Highness Duke Herrman is seeking for you every where.' Philip took no notice, but hurried out, followed by the Negro. When they got into the lobby, the Negro cried out in alarm, 'By Heaven, here comes the Duke!'—and slipped back into the hall.

A tall black mask walked fiercely up to Philip, and said, 'Stay a moment, sir—I've a word or two to say to you—I've been seeking for you long.'

'Quick then,' said Philip, 'for I have no time to lose.'

'I would not waste a moment, sir—I brook no delay: you owe me satisfaction, you have injured me infamously.'

'Not that I am aware of.'

'You don't know me, perhaps,' said the Duke, lifting up his mask—'Now that you see me, your own conscience will save me any more words. I demand satisfaction! You and the cursed Neapolitan Salmoni have deceived me!'

'I know nothing about it,' said Philip.

'You got up that shameful scene in the cellar of the baker's daughter. It was at your instigation that Colonel Kalt made an assault on me with a cudgel.'

'No such thing—I deny it.'

'What?—you deny it? The Lady Blankensward, the Marshal's lady, was an eye witness of it all, and she has told me every circumstance.'

'She has told your grace a cock and a bull story—I have had nothing to do with it—if you had ridiculous scenes in a baker's cellar, that was your own fault.'

'I ask, once more, will you give me satis-

faction? If not, I will expose you. Follow me instantly to the King. You shall either have to do with me, or with his majesty.'

Philip became perplexed. 'Your grace,' he said, 'I have no wish either to fight with you, or to go before the King.'

'This was indeed the truth, for he was afraid he should be discovered and punished, of course, for the part he had played. He therefore tried to get off by every means, and watched the door to seize a favorite moment for effecting his escape.—The Duke, on the other hand, observed the uneasiness of the prince (as he believed him,) and waxed more valorous every minute. At last he seized poor Philip by the arm, and was dragging him into the hall.'

'What do you want with me?' said Philip, sorely frightened, and shook off the duke.

'You shall come with me to the King. He shall hear how shamefully you insult a stranger at his court.'

'Very good,' replied Philip, who saw no hope of escape, except by continuing the character of the prince. 'Very good. Come along then.—By good luck I happen to have the agreement with me between you and the baker's daughter, in which you promise'—

'Nonsense! folly!' answered the Duke, that was only a piece of fun, that one may be allowed surely with a baker's daughter. Show it if you like, I will explain all that.'

But it appeared that the Duke was not quite sure of an explanation. He pressed Philip no more to go before the King. He however, insisted more earnestly than ever on getting into his carriage, and going that moment to decide the matter with sword and pistol. Philip pointed out the danger of such a proceeding, but the Duke overruled all objections. He had made every preparation, and there could be no chance of their being interrupted.

'If you are not the greatest coward in Europe, you will follow me to the carriage—Prince!'

'I—am—no—prince'—at last stuttered Philip, now driven to extremities.

'You are—you are!—I know you by your hat and mantle. You shan't escape me.'

Philip lifted up his mask, and showed the Duke his face.

'Now, then, am I a prince?'

Duke Herrman, when he saw the countenance of a man he had never seen before, started back, and stood gazing as if he had been petrified. To have revealed his secrets to a perfect stranger!—'Twas horrible beyond conception!—But, before he had recovered from his surprise, Philip had opened the door and effected his escape.

CHAPTER XI.

The moment he found himself at liberty he took off his hat and feathers, and wrapping them in his silken mantle, rushed through the streets towards St. Gregory's carrying them under his arm. There stood Rose already, in a corner of the church door, expecting his arrival.

'Ah, Philip, dear Philip,' she said, 'how happy you have made me! how lucky we are! I have been waiting here this quarter of an hour, but never cared for the frost and snow—my happiness was so great: I am so glad you've come back.'

'And I too, dear rose. Devil take all the trinkum-trankums of the great, says I. But I'll tell you some other time of the scenes I've had. Tell me now, my darling, how you are, and whether you love me still!'

'Ah! Philip, you've become a great man now, and it would be better to ask if you still care any thing for me.'

'And how do you know, dear Rose, that I've become a great man—eh?'

'Why you told me yourself. Ah! Philip, Philip, I only hope you won't be proud, now that you've grown so rich. I am but a poor girl, and not good enough for you now—and I have been thinking, Philip, if you forsake me, I would rather have had you continue a poor gardener. I could not survive it, dear Philip. Indeed I could not!'

'What are you talking about, Rose? 'Tis true that for one half hour I have been a prince, but that was nothing but fun. Now I am a watchman again, and as poor as ever. To be sure I have five thousand dollars in my pocket, that I got from a Mameluke—that would make us rich, no doubt—but, alas! they don't belong to me!'

'You're speaking nonsense, Philip,' said Rose, giving him the purse of gold that Julian had given her—'Here, take back your money, 'tis too heavy for my pocket.'

'What should I do with all this gold? Where did you get it, Rose?'

'You won it in the lottery, Philip.'

'What! have I won? and they told me at the office my number was a blank! Hurrah! Hurrah! I've won! I've won! Now I'll buy old Nothman's garden, and marry you, dear Rose!—How much is it?'

'Are you crazy, Philip, or have you drank too much? You must know better than I can tell you how much it is. I only looked at it quietly under the table at my friends, and was frightened to see so many glittering coins, all of gold, Philip. Ah! then I thought, no wonder Philip was so forward—for, you were very forward, Philip—but I cant blame you for it. O, I could throw my own arms round your neck and cry for joy.'

'If you insist on doing so, of course I won't object. But here's some misunder-

standing here. Who was it that gave you this money, and told you that it was my prize in the lottery? I have my ticket safe in my drawer at home, and nobody has asked me for it.'

'Ah! Philip, don't play off your jokes on me! you yourself told me it half an hour ago, and gave the purse with your own hand.'

'Rose—try to recollect yourself. This morning I saw you at mass, and we agreed to meet here to-night, but since that time I have not seen you for an instant.'

'No, except half an hour ago, when I saw you at Steinman's door. But what is that bundle under your arm? why are you without a hat?—Philip, Philip! be careful. All that gold may turn your brain. You've been in some tavern, Philip, and have drank more than you should.—But tell me, what is in the bundle? Why here's a woman's silk gown. Philip—Philip, where have you been?'

'Certainly not with you half an hour ago; you wan't to play tricks on me I fancy;—where have you got that money, I should like to know?'

'Answer me first, Philip, where you got that woman's gown. Where have you been, sir?'

CHAPTER XII.

But as this was a lover's quarrel, it ended as lovers' quarrels invariably do. When Rose took out her white pocket handkerchief and put it to her beautiful eyes, and wiped away her tears, that sole argument proved instantly that she was in the right, and Philip decidedly in the wrong. He confessed he was to blame for every thing, and told her that he had been for half an hour at a masked ball, and that his bundle was not a silk gown, but a man's mantle and hat and feathers. Rose at first could scarcely believe the story of the exchange between him and Prince Julian, but Philip begged her to wait, and she would see his Royal Highness come to that very place to give up his watchman's great coat and claim his own attire.

Rose, in return, related all her adventure; but when she came to the incident of the kiss—

'Hold there!' cried Philip; 'I did'nt kiss you, nor I am sure, did you kiss me in return.'

'I am sure 'twas intended for you, then,' replied Rose, in a tone that disarmed the jealousy of her lover.

But as she went on in her story a light seemed to break in on her, and she exclaimed, 'and after all I do believe it was Prince Julian in your coat!'

The stories he had heard at the masquerade came into Philip's head. He asked if any body had called at her mother's to offer her money—if any gentleman was much about Milk street; if she saw any one watchin

her at church; but to all his questions her answers were so satisfactory that it was impossible to doubt her total ignorance of all the machinations of the rascally courtiers. He warned her against all the advances of philanthropical and compassionate princes—and as every thing was now forgiven, in consideration of the kiss not having been wilfully bestowed, he was on the point of claiming for himself the one of which he had been defrauded, when his operations were interrupted by an unexpected incident. A man out of breath with his rapid flight, rushed against them. By the great coat, staff, and horn, Philip recognized his deputy. He, on the other hand, snatched at the silk cloak and hat. 'Ah! sir,' said Philip, 'here are your things. I wouldn't change places with you again; I should be no gainer by the exchange.'

'Quick! quick!' cried the prince; and in an instant the transformation was complete. Philip was again the watchman; while Rose cowered in the corner, frightened at the Prince's presence. 'I promised you a tip, my boy,' said the Prince, 'but, by Jupiter, I haven't my purse with me.'

'I've got it here,' said Philip, and held it out to him. 'You gave it to my bride there; but, please your Highness, I must forbid all presents in that quarter.'

'My good fellow, keep what you've got, and be off as quick as you can. You are not safe here.'

The Prince was flying off as he spoke, but Philip held him by the mantle.

'One thing, my lord, we have to settle—'

'Run! run! I tell you. They're in search of you.'

'I have nothing to run for. But your purse, here—'

'Keep it, I tell you. Fly for your life!'

'And a billet of Marshall Blankenswerd's for five thousand dollars—'

'Ha! What the devil do you know about Marshal Blankenswerd?'

'He said it was a gambling debt he owed you. He and his lady start to-night for their estates in Poland.'

'Are you mad? how do you know that? Who gave you the message for me?'

'And, your Highness, the Minister of Finance will pay all your debts to Abraham Levi and others if you will use your influence with the King to keep him in office.'

'Watchman! you've been tampering with the devil.'

'But I rejected the offer.'

'You rejected the offer of the Minister?'

'Yes, your Highness. And, moreover, I have entirely reconciled the Baroness Bonau with the Chamberlain Pilzou.'

'Which of us two is mad or dreaming?'

'Another thing your Highness, Signora

Rollina is a perfect jade—I therefore thought her not worthy of your attentions, and put off the meeting to night at her house.'

'Signora Rollina! how in the devil's name did you come to hear of her?'

'Another thing—Duke Herman is terribly enraged about that business in the cellar. He is going to complain of you to the King.'

'The Duke? Who told you all that?'

'Himself. You are not secure yet—but I don't think he'll go to the King, for I threatened him with his agreement with the baker's daughter. But he wants to fight you; be on your guard.'

'Once for all—do you know how the Duke was informed of all this?'

'Through the Marshal's wife. She told all, and confessed she had acted the witch in the ghost-raising.'

The prince took Philip by the arm. 'My good fellow,' he said, 'you are not a watchman.—He drew him close to a lamp, and started when he saw the face of a man unknown to him.'

'Who are you?' he inquired, in a conciliatory tone, for he felt himself in the stranger's power.

'I am Philip Stark, the gardener, son of old Philip Stark, the watchman,' said Philip quietly.

CHAPTER XIII.

'Lay hold on him! That's the man!' cried many voices, and Philip, Rose, and Julian saw themselves surrounded by half a score of the police. Rose screamed, and Philip took her hand, and told her not to be alarmed. The Prince laid his hand on Philip's shoulder—

'Tis a bad business,' he said, 'and you should have escaped when I told you. But don't be frightened—I will answer for you. There shall no harm befall you.'

'That's to be seen,' said one of the captors, 'In the mean time he must come along with us.'

'Where to?' inquired Philip; 'I am doing my duty. I am watchman of this beat.'

'That's the reason we take you—come.'

The Prince stepped forward. 'Let the man go, good people,' he said, and searched in all his pockets for his purse. As he found it no where, he was going to whisper to Philip to give it to him—but the police kept them separate.

'Keep them apart,' shouted the sergeant of the party. 'The masked fellow must go with us too—forward! March!'

'Not so,' exclaimed Philip, 'you are in search of the watchman. Here I am. This gentleman has nothing to do with it.'

'We don't want any lessons from you in our duty,' replied the sergeant; 'bring them on.'

'The girl too?' asked Philip, 'you don't want her surely?'

'No, she may go; but we must see her face, and take down her name and residence.'

'She is the daughter of widow Bittsier,' said Philip; and was not a little enraged when the whole party took Rose to a lamp, and gaped and gazed at her beautiful face, all covered with tears and blushes.

'Go home, Rose, and don't be alarmed on my account,' said Philip, trying to comfort her, 'my conscience is clear.'

But Rose sobbed so as to move the policemen to pity her. The Prince, availing himself of the opportunity, attempted to spring out of his captors' hand, but was held fast.

'Hollo!' cried the sergeant, 'this fellow's conscience is not quite clear—hold him firm—march!'

'Whither?' said the Prince.

'To the Minister of Police.'

'Listen, good people,' said Julian, who did not like the turn affairs were taking, as he was anxious to keep his watchman frolic concealed—'I have nothing to do with this business. I belong to the court. If you force me against my will you shall repent it. I will get every one of you imprisoned, and you will do penance for your insolence on bread and water.'

'For heaven's sake, let the gentleman go,' cried Philip; 'I give you my word and honor he is a great lord, and will make you repent your conduct. He is—'

'Hush,' interrupted Julian, 'tell no human being who I am. Whatever happens, keep my name a secret.'

'We do our duty,' said the sergeant, 'and nobody can punish us for that—we have often had fellows speak as high, and threaten us as fiercely; but such tricks won't do—forward!'

While the contest about the Prince went on, a carriage with eight horses, with outriders, bearing flambeaux, drove past the church.

'Stop!' said a voice from the carriage, as it was passing by the crowd of policemen who had the Prince in custody.

The carriage stopt. The door flew open, and a gentleman jumped out, with a brilliant star on the breast of his surtout. He pushed through the party, and examined the Prince from head to foot.

'I thought,' he said, 'I knew the bird by his feathers. Mask, who are you?'

Julian was taken by surprise, for in the inquirer he recognised Duke Herrman.

'Answer me,' roared Herrman, in a voice of thunder.

Julian made signs to the Duke to desist, but he pressed the question more vigorously, being determined to find out who it was he had spoken to at the masquerade. He asked the policemen—they stood with heads uncovered, and told him they had orders to bring

the watchman instantly before the Minister of Police. That the person in the mask had given himself out as some great lord of the court, but that they believed that to be a false representation, and had taken him into custody.

'The man is not of the court,' answered the Duke, 'take my word for that. He most unjustifiably made his way into the ball, and passed himself off for Prince Julian. I forced him to unmask, and detected the impostor. I have informed the Lord Chamberlain of his audacity—off with him, he is a legal prize!'

With these words the Duke stalked back to his carriage, and once more recommending them not to let the villain escape, gave orders to drive on.

The Prince saw no chance left. To reveal himself now, would be to make his night's adventures the talk of the whole city. He thought it better to disclose his incognito to the Chamberlain, or the Minister of Police. 'Since it must be so, come on then,' he said; and the party marched forward, keeping a firm hand on the two prisoners.

CHAPTER XIV.

Philip was not sure whether he was bewitched, or whether the whole business was not a dream. He had nothing to blame himself for, except that he had changed clothes with the Prince, and then, whether he would or no, been forced to support his character. When they came to the palace of the Police Minister, he felt more reassured. Julian spoke a few words to a young nobleman, and immediately the policemen were sent away; the Prince ascended the stairs, and Philip had to follow.

'Fear nothing,' said Julian, and left him. Philip was taken to a little ante-room, where he had to wait a good while. At last one of the royal pages came to him and said, 'Come this way, the King will see you.'

Philip was distracted with fear. His knees shook so that he could hardly walk. He was led into a splendid chamber. The old King was sitting at a table, and laughing long and loud; near him stood Julian without a mask. Besides these there was nobody in the room.

The king looked at Philip, who had laid off his great coat, with a good humored expression. 'Tell me all—without missing a syllable—that you have done to-night.'

Philip took courage from the condescending goodness of the old King, and told the whole story from beginning to end. He had the good sense, however, to conceal all that he had heard among the courtiers that could turn to the prejudice of the Prince. The King laughed again, and at last took two gold pieces from his pocket and gave them to Philip: 'Here, my friend, take these, but

not a word of your night's adventures. No harm shall come of it to you. Now go, my friend, and remember what I have told you.'

Philip knelt down at the king's feet and kissed his hand. When he stood up and was leaving the room, Prince Julian said, 'I humbly beseech your Majesty to allow the young man to wait a few minutes outside. I have some compensation to make to him for the inconvenience he has suffered.'

The King nodded his smiling assent, and Philip left the apartment.

'Prince!' said the King, holding his fore finger in a threatening manner to his son, 'tis well for you, you told me nothing but the truth. For this time I must pardon your wildness, but if such a thing happens again you will offend me seriously. I must take Duke Herrman in hand myself. I shall not be sorry if we can get quit of him. As to the Minister of Finance and Police, I must have farther proofs of what you say. Go now and give some present to the gardener. He has shown more discretion in your character than you have in his.'

The Prince took leave of the King, and having carried Philip home with him, made him go over—word for word—every thing that had occurred. When Philip had finished his narrative, the Prince clapt him on the shoulder, and said,

'You've acted my part famously. All that you have done I highly approve of, and ratify every arrangement you have made, as if myself had entered into it. But, on the other hand, you must take all the blame of my doings with the horn and staff. As a punishment for your verses, you will lose your office of watchman. You shall be my head gardener from this date, and have charge of my two gardens at Heimleben and Quellenthal. The money I gave your bride she shall keep as her marriage portion—and I give you the order of Marshal Blankenswerd for five thousand dollars as a mark of my regard. Go now; be faithful and true. The adventures of the New Year's night have made Prince Julian your friend.'

MISCELLANY.

Fashionable Follies.

THERE are in the United States one hundred thousand young ladies, as Sir Ralph Abercrombie said of those of Scotland, '*the prettiest lassies in a' the world*,' who know neither to toil or to spin, who are yet clothed like the lilies of the valley—who thrum the piano, and a few of the more dainty, the harp—who walk, as the bible says, softly—who have read romances, and some of them seen the interior of theatres—who have been admired at the examination of their high school, who have wrought algebraic solutions

on the black board, who are, in short, the very roses of the garden, the ottar of life, who yet, *horresco referens*, can never expect to be married, or if married, to live without—shall I speak or forbear?—putting their own lily hands to *domestic drudgery*.

We go into the interior villages of our recently wooden country. The fair one sits down to clink the wires of the piano. We see the fingers displayed on the keys, which we are sure never prepared a dinner, nor made a garment for her robustious brothers. We traverse the streets of our cities, and the wires of the piano are thrumming in our ears from every considerable house.

Ask the fair one when she has beaten all the music out of the keys, 'pretty fair one, canst talk to thy old and sick father, so as to beguile him of the headache and rheumatism? Thou art a chemist, I remember, at the examination; canst compound, prepare, and afterwards boil or bake a good pudding? Canst make one of the subordinate ornaments of thy fair person? In short, tell us thy use in existence, except to be contemplated as a pretty picture! And how long will any one be amused with the view of a picture, after having surveyed it a dozen times, unless it have a mind, a heart, and, we may emphatically add, the perennial value of utility?'

'Display, notoriety, surface, and splendor—these are the aims of mothers; and can we expect that the daughters will drink in a better spirit? To play, sing, dress, glide down the dance, and get a husband, is the lesson: not to be qualified to render his home quiet, well-ordered and happy.'

It is notorious, that there will soon be no intermediate class between those who toil and spin, and those whose claim to be ladies is founded on their being incapable of any thing of value or utility. All clearly within the purview of the term *lady*, estimate the clearness of their title precisely in the ratio of their uselessness.

Allow a young lady to have any hand in the adjustment of all the components of her dress, each of which has a contour which only the 'fleeting fashion of the moment can settle; allow her time to receive morning visitants, and prepare for afternoon appointments and evening parties, and what time has the dear one to spare, to be useful and do good? There is somewhere in all this, an enormous miscalculation, an infinite mischief—an evil, as we shall attempt to show, not of transitory or minor importance, but fraught with misery and ruin, not only to the fair ones themselves, but to society and the age.

We may assume, as we have, that there are in the United States a hundred thousand young ladies brought up to do nothing except dress and pursue amusement. Another hundred thousand learn music, dancing, and

what are termed the fashionable accomplishments. The few opulent who can afford to be good for nothing, precede. Another class presses as closely as they can upon their steps; and the contagious mischief spreads downward, till the fond father, who lays every thing under contribution to furnish the means of buying a piano, and hiring a music master for his daughters, instead of being served, when he comes in from the plough, by the ruined favorites for whom he has sacrificed so much, finds that a servant must be hired for the young ladies.

Every one knows that mothers and daughters give the tone and laws to society. Here is the root of the matter, the spring of bitter waters—here is the origin of the complaints of hard times—here is the reason why every man lives up to his income, and so many beyond it. He has married a wife whose vanity and extravagance are fathomless, and his ruin is explained. Hence the general and prevalent evil of the present times, extravagance—conscious shame of the thought of being industrious and useful. Every body is ashamed not to be expensive and fashionable; and every one seems equally ashamed of honest industry.

I have no conception of a beautiful woman, or a fine man, in whose eye, in whose port, in whose whole expression, this sentiment does not stand embodied:—'I am called by my Creator to duties; I have employment on the earth; my sterner but more enduring pleasures are in discharging my duties.'

Compare the sedate expression of this sentiment in the countenance of man or woman, when it is known to stand, as the index of character in the fact, with the superficial gaudiness of a simple, good for nothing belle, who disdains usefulness and employment, whose empire is a ball room, and whose subjects dandies, as silly and as useless as herself. Who, of the two has most attractions for a man of sense? The one a helpmate, a fortune in herself, who can aid to procure one, if the husband has it not; who can soothe him under the loss of it, and what is more, aid him to regain it; and the other a painted butterfly, for ornament only during the vernal and sunny months of prosperity; and then not becoming a chrysalis, an inert moth in adversity, but a croaking, repining, ill-tempered termagant, who can only recur to the days of her short lived triumph, to embitter the misery and poverty and hopelessness of a husband, who like herself, knows not how to dig, and is ashamed to beg.

We are obliged to avail ourselves of severe language in application to a deep-rooted malady. We want words of power. We need energetic and stern application. No country ever verged more rapidly towards extravagance and expense. In a young re-

public like ours, it is ominous of any thing but good. Men of thought, and virtue, and example, are called upon to look to this evil. Ye patrician families, that croak, and complain and forebode the downfall of the republic, here is the origin of your evils. Instead of training your son to waste his time, as an idle young gentleman at large—instead of inculcating on your daughter, that the incessant tinkling of a harpsichord, or a scornful and lady-like toss of the head, or dexterity in waltzing, are the chief requisites to make her way in life—if you can find no better employment for them, teach him the use of the grubbing-hoe, and her to make up garments for your servants. Train your son and daughter to an employment of frugality, to hold the high front, and to walk the fearless step of independence and sufficiency to themselves in any fortunes, and country or any state of things. By arts like these, the early Romans thrived. When your children have these possessions, you may go down to the grave in peace as regards their temporal fortunes.

Go to Church.

THERE is nothing which helps to establish a man's standing in society, more than a steady attendance at church and a proper regard for the first day of the week. Every head of a family should go to church, as an example to its members: and every branch of a family should go to church, in imitation of the example of parents who loved them and watched over their best interests. Lounging in the streets and bar-rooms on the Sabbath, is abominable, and deserves execration: because, it lays the foundation of habits which ruin one, body and soul. Many a young man can date the commencement of a course of dissipation which made him a burthen to himself and his friends, and an object of pity in the sight of his enemies, to his Sunday debauchery.—Idleness is the mother of drunkenness—the Sabbath is to young people generally an idle day; therefore, if it be not properly kept, it were better struck out of existence.

Go to Church.—If you are a young man just entering on business, it will establish you credit—what capitalist would not sooner trust a new beginner, who, instead of dissipating his time, his character, and his money in dissolute company, attended to his business on business days, and on the Sabbath appeared in the house of God. Go to Church with a contrite heart, and bending a knee at the throne of your Maker, pour out a sincere thank offering for the mercies of the past week.

'Go to Church, ladies, and remember that religion most adorns the female character.'

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.—'It was once in my power to have shot General Washington!' said a British soldier to an American, as they were discussing the events of the great struggle at the conclusion of peace. 'Why did you not shoot him then,' asked the American, 'you ought to have done so for the benefit of your countrymen.' 'The death of Washington would not have been for their benefit,' replied the Englishman, 'for we depended upon him to treat our prisoners kindly; and by Heaven! we'd sooner have shot an officer of our own!'

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

H. T. S. Stillwater, N. Y. \$0.80; L. C. Yates, N. Y. \$1.00; L. S. Center Gorham, N. Y. \$1.00; H. W. Sunderland, Ms. \$3.00; J. H. Cato 4 Corners N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Earlville, \$5.00; J. M. Sempronius, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Pompey, N. Y. \$5.00; H. S. S. Buffalo, N. Y. \$0.90; W. G. Canandaigua, N. Y. \$1.00; O. B. L. Poolville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Royalton, Vt. \$5.00; P. M. Elmira, N. Y. \$5.00; J. H. C. Starkville, N. Y. \$1.00; S. H. Conesus, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Danville, Vt. \$5.00; G. W. M. Scott, N. Y. \$1.00; L. L. S. Branford, Ct. \$6.00; P. M. Knowlesville, N. Y. \$3.00; H. H. P. East Bethel, Vt. \$1.00; R. S. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; E. J. M. Bass River, N. J. \$1.00; H. W. T. Lenox, Ms. \$3.00; P. M. Castleton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Stockbridge, N. Y. \$2.00; M. H. Bath, N. Y. \$1.00; P. B. H. North Haverhill, N. H. \$3.00; G. W. S. Gayhead, N. Y. \$3.50; G. W. C. Hoosick Falls, N. Y. \$5.00; M. C. T. Beckman, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Center Independence, N. Y. \$2.00; D. W. J. Wayne, N. Y. \$1.00; A. F. M. Gallatin, N. Y. \$1.00; E. R. Howlet Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Wadsworth, O. \$3.00; M. A. M. Elyria, O. \$10.00; P. M. Scipioville, N. Y. \$2.00; W. M. I. Bloomville, \$1.00; P. M. Pleasant Mount, Pa. \$2.00; H. D. Comstock's Landing, N. Y. \$1.00; B. B. Orleans, Ms. \$1.00; N. V. Fulton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Gorham, N. Y. \$4.00; R. C. S. Waterbury, Vt. \$10.00; G. P. A. Batten Ville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Reading, N. Y. \$2.00; G. D. Redhook, N. Y. \$1.00; H. M. V. B. Walden, N. Y. \$1.00; L. H. M. Ancram, N. Y. \$1.00; L. S. Center-Gorham, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Garoga, N. Y. \$4.00; P. M. Wheeler, N. Y. \$6.00; J. T. Quaker Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Oakfield, N. Y. \$3.00; G. B. R. Shoreham, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. West Richmond, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. V. D. Ghent, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. Northampton, N. Y. \$1.00; S. N. Durham, N. Y. \$1.00; G. P. Upper Redhook, N. Y. \$1.00; A. D. C. Tioga Pa. \$1.00; J. C. Ancram, N. Y. \$1.00; N. F. Earlville, N. Y. \$1.00; G. H. D. Milan, O. \$5.00; H. B. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$2.00; J. C. New Hampton, N. H. \$3.00; E. B. Tecumseh, Mich. \$1.00; P. M. Starkville, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Palatine Bridge, \$1.00; C. C. M. T. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$5.00; M. H. C. Schodack Center, N. Y. \$1.00; P. S. Conesville, N. Y. \$0.90; A. G. South Gardner, Ms. \$1.00; S. S. C. Burlington, Vt. \$0.62½.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. W. Whittaker, Mr. John Murphy to Miss Nancy Keller.

At the Kahleberg, by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. John G. Menten of Ghent, to Miss Permelia Decker of Claverack.

In Chatham, on the 28th ult. by the same, Mr. Palmer Hunt to Miss Lydia Birge, both of that town.

At Mellenville, on the 30th ult. by the same, Mr. William J. Shult to Miss Sarah Houghtaling, both of that village.

At Taghkanick, on the 23d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Van Wagenen, Mr. Jacob Spangler, of Germany, to Miss Sally Maria, eldest daughter of Wm. Gardener, Esq.

In Albany, on Saturday evening, the 23d ult. by the Rev. Dr. Welch, Capt. William Sitt, to Matilda A. Green, both of Athens, Greene County.

In Ancram, on Saturday evening the 16th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Winters, Mr. Henry Dayton to Miss Loretta Tripp.

At Claverack, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury of Hudson, Lieut. J. McKinstry, U. S. Army, to Miss Susan, youngest daughter of George McKinstry, Esq.

On the 26th ult. near Hudson, by the Rev. David M. Smith, Mr. George W. Schenck to Miss Catharine C. Smith.

DIED,

In this city, on the 21st ult. Miss Maria Wells, in her 40th year.

On the 23d ult. Mr. Josiah L. D. C. Shepherd, in his 27th year.

On the 28th ult. George W. son of George W. and Cordelia Barker, in his 3d year.

At Kinderhook, on the 19th ult. Miss Jane Van Buren, sister of the President of the United States, in the 59th year of her age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

The Wrecker Boy.

'WHAT ails thee, little wrecker boy?
Why dost thou seem so sad?
Are not the winds and waves thy joy?
Can they not make thee glad?
Look out upon the swelling sea—
The billows, how they rise—
See how in furious revelry,
They lash the lofty skies.'

'I am a little, little lad,
But crime is on my heart;
I feel it here and must be sad,
'Till guilt and I can part.
I'm little—but for years I've stood
On this deceitful shore,
And torrents seen of human blood
Into yon ocean pour.

'I grieve to think that these young hands;
These tiny hands of mine,
Have built false fires upon the sands,
And lifted up the sign
That lured the vessel for relief
From dangers of the sea,
To dash upon the dismal reef,
A shattered wreck to be!

'I've seen the sailors from the wave
Come dripping, O the guilt!
I've seen the wretch who calls me slave
Drive daggers to the hilt
In their defenceless breasts; and gore,
From quivering hearts, has rolled
In crimson courses on the shore—
And all—and all for gold.

'And wilt thou ask what ails me now?
Wilt ask why I am sad?
There's woe upon my morning brow
Enough to drive me mad!
The message from the gloomy grave,
Thus gladly do I greet;
Farewell!—this hour the salt sea wave—
Shall be my winding sheet.' J. N. M.

The Infant's Dreams.

Oh! cradle me on thy knee, mamma,
And sing me the holy strain
That soothed me last, as you fondly prest
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast,
For I saw a scene when I slumbered last,
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,
And weep as you then did weep;
Then fix on me thy glistening eye,
And gaze and gaze till the tear be dry;
Then rock me gently and sing and sigh
Till you lull me fast asleep.

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,
While slumbering on thy knee,
And I lived in a land where forms divine
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine:
And the world I'd give, if the world were mine,
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roamed in a wood, mamma,
And we rested us under a bough:
Then near a butterfly flaunted in pride,

And I chased it away through the forest wide,
And the night came on, and I lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma,
And I loudly wept for thee;
But a white robed maiden appeared in the air,
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair,
And she kissed me softly ere I was aware,
Saying, 'Come pretty babe with me!'

My tears and fears she guiled, mamma,
And she led me far away;
We entered the door of the cold dark tomb,
We passed through a long, long vault of gloom:
Then opened our eyes on a land of bloom,
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there, mamma,
And lovely cherubs bright;
They smiled when they saw me, but I was amazed,
And wondering around me I gazed and gazed
And songs I heard, and sun beams blazed—
All glorious in the land of light.

But soon came a shining host, mamma,
Of white-winged babes to me:
Their eyes looked love and their sweet lips smiled,
And they marveled to meet with an earth born child,
And they gloried that I from earth was exiled,
Saying,—'Here, love, blest thou shalt be.'

Then I mixed with the heavenly throng, mamma,
With cherub and seraphim fair;
And I saw, as I roamed the regions of bliss,
The spirits which came from this world of distress
And there was the joy no tongue can express,
For they knew no sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,
Lay dead a short time ago?
Oh! you gazed on the sad but lovely wreck,
With a full flood of woe you could not check,
And your heart was so sore, you wished it would
break,
But it loved, and you aye sobbed on!

But oh! had you been with me, mamma,
In the realms unknown to care,
And seen what I saw, you never had cried.
Tho' they buried pretty Jane in the grave when she
died:

For shining with the blest and adorned like a bride
Sweet sister Jane was there!

Do you mind of that silly old man, mamma,
Who came so late to our door,
And the night was dark and the tempest loud,
And his heart was weak, but his soul was proud,
And his ragged old mantle served for his shroud
Ere the midnight watch was o'er?

And think what a weight of woe, mamma,
Made heavy each long drawn sigh,
As the good man sat on papa's chair,
While the rain dripped down from his thin grey hair,
As fast as the big tear of speechless care,
Ran down from his glazing eye—

And think what a heavenward look, mamma,
Flashed through each trembling tear,
As he told how he went to the baron's strong hold,
Saying, 'Oh! let me in, for the night is so cold!'
But the rich man cried, 'go sleep in the wood,
For we shield no beggars here.'

Well—he was in glory, too, mamma,
As happy as the blest can be,
He needed no alms in the mansion of light,
For he sat with the patriarchs clothed in white;
And there was not a seraph had a crown more bright,
Nor a costlier robe than he.

Now sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma,
And dream as I dreamed before;
For sound was my slumber and sweet was my rest,
While my spirit in the kingdom of life was a guest,
And the heart that has throbbled in the climes of the
blest,
Can love this world no more.

Farewell.

We do not know how much we love,
Until we come to leave;
An aged tree, a common flower,
Are things o'er which we grieve,
There is a pleasure in the pain,
That brings us back the past again.
We linger while we turn away,
We cling while we depart:
And memories, unmarked till then,
Come crowding on the heart.
Let what will lure our onward way,
Farewell's a bitter word to say.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Devoted to Polite Literature, such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

On Saturday, the 23d of June, 1838, will be issued the first number of the *Fifteenth Volume (Sixth New Series)* of the RURAL REPOSITORY.

On issuing the proposals for a new volume of the Rural Repository, the publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of this publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper, of a superior quality, with good type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The Fifteenth volume, (Sixth New Series) will commence on the 23d of June next, at the low rate of *One Dollar* per annum in advance, or *One Dollar and Fifty Cents* at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive *six* copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive *twelve* copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. *§* No subscription received for less than one year.

Names of subscribers with the amount of Subscriptions to be sent by the 23d of June or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, **WILLIAM B. STODDARD.**

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1838.
§ EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

Printing Ink,

For sale at this office by the Keg, at 30 cts. per lb. for Cash. This Ink is manufactured by T. G. & G. W. Eddy, and is good news Ink, of the same quality, that this paper has been printed with the last two years.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON N. Y. BY

Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—*One Dollar* per annum in advance, or *One Dollar and Fifty Cents*, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive *six* copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars free of postage, shall receive *twelve* copies, and one copy of either of the previous volumes. *§* No subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers.

§ All orders and Communications must be *post paid*, to receive attention.